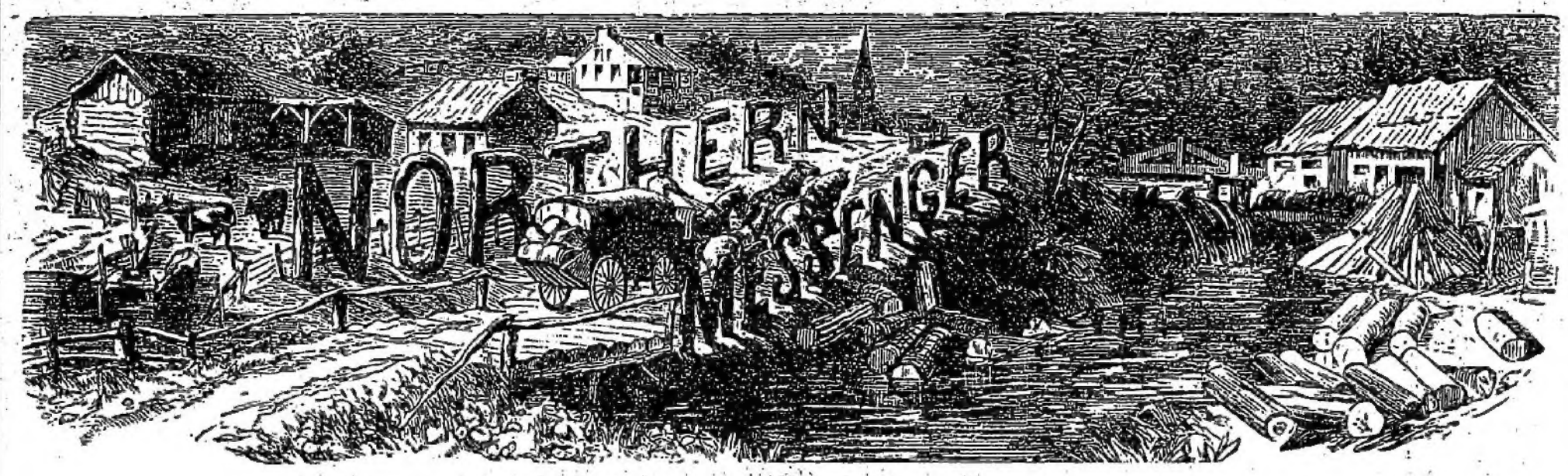



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

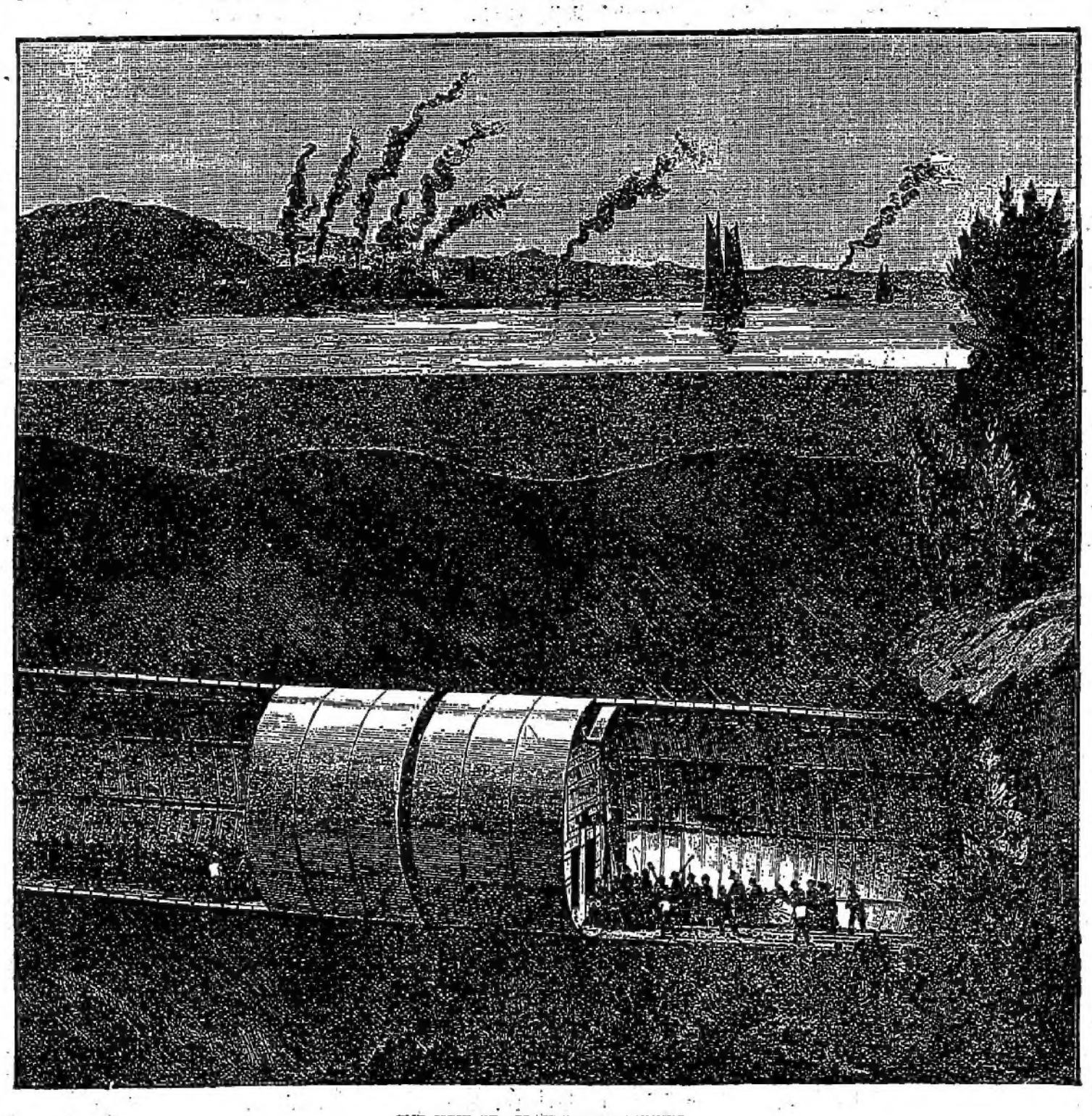
VOLUME XXVI., No. 23. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 13, 1891. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

## THE NEW ST. CLAIR TUNNEL.

To push a trier through a tub of butter is a comparatively simple piece of work, but when your "trier" is a steel cylinder fifteen feet long and twenty in diameter, and your "butter" a bed of clay and quicksand under a swiftly flowing river, the principle may be very much the same but the carrying out of the principle is quite a different matter. Yet this is precisely what has just been done in the completion of the Grand Trunk Railway tunnel under the St. Clair river between Sarnia and Port Huron.

The need for this tunnel was very great.

The St. Clair river is claimed by many to be the busiest channel of navigation in the world. Through it all the immense traffic between the upper and lower lakes of the great Canadian chain has to pass, and this, of course, rendered a bridge, with piers obstructing the channel, quite out of the question. But the railway traffic was just as seriously interfered with by the river. In the winter time when the river was blocked by floating ice it would sometimes be five or six hours before the ferry boats could plough their way from one shore to another. This trip can now be made through the tunnel in as many minutes.



THE NEW ST. CLAIR RIVER TUNNEL.

The making of the tunnel is of great interest. It was constructed by means of heavy wrought iron shields, with sharp edges, fifteen feet three inches long, and twenty-one feet six inches in diameter. Each shield was pushed forward by 24 hydraulic rams, the barrel of each ram being eight inches in diameter, with a stroke of little more than eighteen inches. Each ram exercised a force of 125 tons. From the date when the shields were first lowered in position at the portals, to the meeting of the shields in the tunnel, the time occupied in constructing the tunnel was twelve months. The cost of the tunnel proper was $1,460,000. The shields weighed eighty tons each and were built by the Tool Manufacturing Company of Hamilton.

The actual tunnel itself under the river is 6,026 feet long. It is lined throughout with solid cast-iron plates, bolted together in segments—each segment being five feet long, eighteen inches wide and two inches thick, with flanges five inches deep, the whole lining weighing together 28,000 tons. The bolts and nuts for connecting the segments together weigh 2,000,000 pounds. The permanent way through the tunnel is laid with steel rails, weighing one hundred pounds to the lineal yard. The interior diameter of the tunnel is twenty feet, and ample means have been provided for thorough ventilation, and for lighting it throughout when required by the electric light. The road is practically level under the river, with approaches at each end on gradients of one in fifty. The total length of the tunnel and approaches is 11,553 feet. At the ends of the approaches are junctions with the Grand Trunk Railway on the Canadian side, and the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway on the American side of the river. In connection with these junctions ample ground has been levelled and prepared, and shunting sidings, to the extent of ten miles, have already been laid on each side of the river.

Mr. Joseph Hobson, the chief engineer and builder of the St. Clair tunnel, who also designed the shields by which the work was done, is a Canadian by birth, having been born near Guelph, Ontario. He served his apprenticeship as a provincial land surveyor in Toronto, and after having passed his examination as such he was engaged for a number of years in private practice as a surveyor and an engineer, and in the location and construction of different lines of railway in Canada and the United States. At the beginning of 1870 he was appointed resident engineer of the international bridge at Buffalo, and was continuously on the ground during the construction of the bridge. On the completion of the work at the end of 1873, he was appointed chief assistant engineer of the late Great Western Railway of Canada, and about two years later he was appointed chief engineer of the line. He still holds that position under the management of the Grand Trunk Railway Company. Mr. Hobson is a member of the Institute of Civil Engineers of England, of the American Society of Civil Engineers, and the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers.

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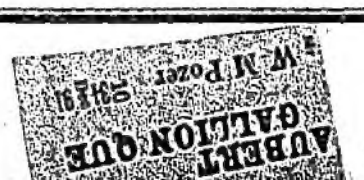
GOD HAS NEVER had any use for a man who was not willing to do little things.



## WHICH WAS THE FOOL?

PRIZE SKETCH.

"Dolly, I think that husband of yours is a fool."

"I've heard you say something of this kind before, brother; but out with it, what is the nature of his latest offence?"

"I suppose it's none of my business if he wants to go to the poor-house and drag his family along with him; it's a free country, and a man can do what he will with his own."

"You are very mysterious. I hope Sam has not suddenly taken to drinking, nor anything of that nature?"

"Sam is a good fellow, in some respects a capital fellow; but no man in business can afford to give away all his money. Five dollars here, ten dollars there, and a hundred dollars to-morrow. I tell you what it is, Dolly, Sam has only what he has saved by hard work, and now he's giving it all away. In a few years he will not have a cent to his name, then he will come to those who have saved their money to borrow a loaf of bread for his family."

"Are you not a little mistaken, John? I know Sam is quite liberal, but I never supposed he wasted his money."

"Waste! I'd like to know what waste means? He gave that Jim Summers who broke his leg five dollars, and no one else gave over one. He would have been thought just as much of if he had given what others did, and saved four dollars by the operation. He subscribed for our church this year—I know, I saw the paper—$100! That is double as much as any one else gave. So it goes; when he hasn't a dollar left he will have only himself to thank."

"Did you know, John, that Jim Summers's wife has a young babe, and that only last week Jim paid the last dollar he had on the debt he owed for the house that was burned down?"

"Well, what if Jim is an honest, needy fellow, Sam don't have to support him, does he? And then, what right has Sam to give $100 to the church when he has a family to support?"

"Our duty, John, should be done, regardless of what the world may say. Sam does not give a second thought to what any one says, so long as his own conscience approves. And I most sincerely wish that every man was as thoughtful concerning his family as Sam is."

"Oh, well, as I said, it's none of my business, but I tell you plainly it will be useless for you to come begging around me, I shall never have any more than enough for myself," and with this parting shot John took himself off.

Samuel Grand had established himself in business in a small Western town. He married Dolly Whiting, a sweet girl of strong common sense, who had unbounded faith in her husband, and when he told her his plans and gave his reasons for what he did, she, believing him right, like a sensible woman gave him her earnest support. Nor could the lugubrious prophecies of her only brother shake her confidence in the least. At the same time she stored all these sayings in her heart, and watched and waited.

Ten years flew swiftly by. The Western town had grown to be a city and Samuel Grand was a wealthy man. His was the most extensive business in the place. He owned corner-lots and was interested in every enterprise calculated to be of use to his neighbors, and though he lived plainly his home was a delightful spot to which he joyfully turned after the toils of the day were ended. Here, too, the needy were always sure of sympathy and assistance, and it was the wonder of many how one family could do so much for others without becoming impoverished thereby.

John Whiting, on the other hand, was little if any better off than when, ten years before, he complained to his sister that Sam was on the road to the poor-house. In fact, John's rapidly increasing family taxed his resources to the utmost, and one day he was forced to call on Sam for a small loan, though it cost him an effort to do so.

"Oh, certainly," said Sam, "I have a little fund which I keep for just such purposes. Here is the money, and when you are in need call again."

John was considerably overcome, but finally he said: "Sam, I don't know what to make of you."

"Why so, John?"

"Well, when you were first married you and I were worth just about the same. You were always spending your money freely—even worse, I thought, giving it away—while I saved every dollar, and yet you have plenty and to spare, and I am not as well off as I was then. I cannot account for it, for we both had an equal start, and you have worked no harder than I have."

"John, let me give you a little bit of history. You remember when I commenced business here I bought wheat and stored it to ship in the spring. It so happened I had about all of a certain kind of wheat the farmers at that time used for seed. When they had done their spring sowing a long rain came on and the seed rotted in the ground. Now, I reasoned, I can get double price for every bushel of wheat I have. The Sabbath day came, and while sitting at home I could not refrain from congratulating myself on my good luck to Dolly. I noticed she did not say much, and presently she took up the Bible, as she frequently did, and read aloud the eleventh chapter of Proverbs, closed the book, and said never a word. I could not tell, nor do I know to this day if she intended to read me a lesson, but I took up my hat and went out for a walk. I thought of the thousand bushels of grain, really worth about one dollar, which I could sell for two if I should demand that price, and then, ringing in my ears, were the words Dolly had just read—

"'He that withholdeth corn the people shall curse him.'

"You see what it says, the people shall curse him. I interpreted this to mean, it was not only their right but their religious duty to do so, because of the iniquity of the action. Was I then committing a crime? The next day I commenced selling my wheat at a dollar a bushel, which gave me a fair margin of profit. Men called me a fool. Dolly and my own conscience told me I had done right. About that time, you may remember, came up for discussion the question how much ought we to give to objects of charity and for the public good generally. I had long talks with Dolly about it, and she advised that we lay aside one-tenth of each year's income, to be devoted to such purposes as the occasion might warrant. The plan was adopted, and we have never missed the amounts thus expended. In fact, it has seemed like good seed sown on good ground, or like bread cast upon the waters. Leaving out of the question our duty to God, which should be the ruling principle of our lives, there is a sound wisdom from a business standpoint in the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth verses of that same chapter, which, you will remember, say:

"'There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.'

"'The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself.'

"Such is the history of my success, for in the eyes of men I have been successful. I have merely followed my guide—the blessed word—and my good wife has helped me to do so. I have been blessed beyond my most sanguine expectations, and I have realized that it is surely more blessed to give than to receive."

"Sam, ten years ago, I told Dolly you were a fool, and on the way to the poor-house. I have had my eyes opened, and I am now convinced that yours is the right path, even though my predictions had been verified. My children shall be taught to give as they have opportunity, and to remember that we are only stewards of God's bounty."—*Oscar Bliss, in New York Observer.*

## YIELD YOURSELF.

Consecrate yourself to God for service. Years ago a young man who had never spoken in public, and who had never led a meeting, was sitting in a prayer-meeting room some minutes before the opening of the service. One of the officials of the church came to him and said, "We want you to lead the meeting to-night." The young man was astonished and demurred, and after some talk the official left with the words: "If you are ever to begin to work for the Lord, there will be no better time than now. I shall be back in five minutes for your answer." During the five minutes the young man prayed and thought. He reasoned thus: "If the Lord wants me to do this work, he can give me power to do it. I will give myself into his hands, and let him lead the meeting." So, without any preparation except that which came from above, he led the meeting; and from that time on he has been ready for any service that the Lord has put in his way, because he then learned that the Lord would not ask him to do anything for which he would not give him the necessary qualifications. Does your school want you for superintendent? Consecrate yourself to the Lord for service, and he will give you power for work. Are you superintendent, and do you feel that you are not doing your work properly? May it not be because you are trying to do your work without divine help? Yield to the Lord, and let him work through you. Remember how Moses was used when he yielded himself to the Lord.—*Sunday School Times.*

## A MYSTERIOUS GIVER OF £60,000.

A year before the death of the late good Earl of Shaftesbury a large sum of money was placed at his disposal for the purpose of being distributed as he thought best, and almost the last act of his noble life was the supervision of the distribution of the money. Now it appears that since Lord Shaftesbury died one of the leading secretaries of a charitable society received an anonymous communication requesting him to be in Capel Court at midnight on a date named. After taking further advice the gentleman decided at all hazards to keep the rendezvous. He had not been many minutes on the spot, which at that hour, we need scarcely say, was quite deserted but for the tramp of a policeman or the hurried walk of some belated passer-by, when a mysteriously-shrouded figure hurriedly approached him and asked him whether he was Mr.—. He replied that that was his name; and to cut a long story short, what he was told was much as follows: "I have more money than I know what to do with. Your name is familiar to me as one of those who are most active in the benevolent world, and I am anxious to give you a sum of money that you may distribute it as Lord Shaftesbury distributed the sum placed in his hands a few years ago. I do not wish to fetter your control as to the disposition of it, but here is a list of charities which I should like to have some portion of it. I have no wish that my name should appear, and you must not make any effort to find out who I am." He then placed in the hands of the astonished gentleman an envelope containing bank notes to the amount of £60,000. This money is at the time of writing still being distributed among the best known and most deserving charities in the metropolis. This man followed our Lord's precept, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." (Matthew vi. 3.)—*English Paper.*

## SCHOLARS' NOTES.

*(From Westminster Question Book.)*

### LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 22, 1891.

### CHRIST BETRAYED.—John 18: 1-13.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners."—Mark 14: 41.

HOME READINGS.

M. Matt. 26: 36-46.—Christ in Gethsemane.
T. Heb. 5: 1-14.—Christ Heard in that he Feared.
W. John 18: 1-13.—Christ Betrayed.
Th. Psalm 40: 1-17.—"Lo, I Come."
F. Psalm 41: 1-13.—"Mine own Familiar Friend."
S. Psalm 55: 1-16.—"Mine Acquaintance."
S. Acts 1: 15-26.—The Betrayer's Fate.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Betrayed by Judas. vs. 1-5.
II. Defended by Peter. vs. 6-11.
III. Led Away by the Band. vs. 12, 13.

TIME.—A. D. 30, from midnight till three o'clock Friday morning, April 7; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—Gethsemane, an enclosed garden or orchard at the foot of the Mount of Olives.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

Parallel accounts, Matt. 26: 30-56; Matt. 14: 26-52; Luke 22: 39-53. V. 1. *He went forth*—from the upper room. *Cedron*—or Kedron, a torrent-bed on the east of Jerusalem, between the city and the Mount of Olives. *Garden*—Gethsemane. Matt. 26: 36-46. V. 3. *Band*—Roman soldiers, *From the chief priests and Pharisees*—the Sanhedrin. Some of the chief priests were there. Luke 22: 52. V. 4. *Went forth*—while his hour had not yet come he withdrew from danger; now he goes forth to meet it, knowing that the end would be death. V. 8. *Let these go*—he seeks the safety of his disciples. V. 9. *Lost none*—see ch. 17: 12. V. 10. *The high priest's servant*—Luke records the healing of his ear. Luke 22: 50, 51. V. 11. *The cup*—compare Matt. 26: 39. V. 13. *To Annas first*—Annas had been high priest eleven years, and had secured the high priesthood in turn for five of his sons, as well as for Caiaphas, his son-in-law, after he had been deposed himself.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. BETRAYED BY JUDAS. vs. 1-5.—Whom did Judas guide to Gethsemane? How did he know the place? What did Jesus do? What did he say to the officers and soldiers? What did they answer? What was his reply? Who stood with them?

II. DEFENDED BY PETER. vs. 6-11.—What effect had the answer of Jesus? What did Jesus again ask them? What was their reply? What did Jesus request for his disciples? Who of the disciples resisted the arrest? What did Jesus say to Peter?

III. LED AWAY BY THE BAND. vs. 12, 13.—What was then done to Jesus? What do you know about Annas? Who was Caiaphas? v. 14. What prophecy of Isaiah was fulfilled? Isa. 53: 7.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That it is base beyond expression to use the token of love to do the work of hate.
2. That Jesus in his own peril had a tender regard for the safety of his friends.
3. That his enemies had no power over him except as he freely gave himself to them.
4. That we should submissively drink the cup that our Heavenly Father gives us.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What did Jesus do after his prayer for his disciples? Ans. He went with them to the garden of Gethsemane.
2. Whom did Judas lead to Gethsemane to take Jesus? Ans. A band of soldiers and officers from the chief priests and Pharisees.
3. How did Peter resist the arrest? Ans. He drew a sword, and smote the high priest's servant.
4. What did Jesus say to Peter? Ans. Put up thy sword into the sheath; the cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?
5. What did the officers and soldiers then do? Ans. They took Jesus and led him away to Annas.

### LESSON IX.—NOVEMBER 29, 1891.

### CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.—John 19: 1-16.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 5-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification."—Rom 4: 25.

HOME READINGS.

M. Mark 14: 53-65.—Christ before the Council.
T. Mark 14: 66-72.—Christ Denied by Peter.
W. John 18: 28-40.—Christ Rejected by the Jews.
Th. Matt. 27: 11-31.—The People Persuaded.
F. Luke 23: 1-12.—Christ Mocked by Herod.
S. John 19: 1-16.—Christ Before Pilate.
S. Acts 4: 13-33.—"Both Herod and Pontius Pilate."

LESSON PLAN.

I. Scourged and Mocked. v. 1-5.
II. Examined by Pilate. vs. 6-11.
III. Delivered to be Crucified. vs. 12-16.

TIME.—A. D. 30, Friday morning, April 7; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

TIME.—Pilate's palace in Jerusalem.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—By whom was Jesus tried? What sentence was pronounced upon him? Why was he taken before Pilate? What did Pilate find on examination? What did he propose? How was this proposal received? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. SCOURGED AND MOCKED. vs. 1-5.—What did Pilate then do with Jesus? What did the soldiers do? How did they further mock and torture him? What did Pilate then do? In what manner did Jesus come forth to them? What did Pilate then say?

II. EXAMINED BY PILATE. vs. 6-11.—What did the priests do? What was Pilate's answer? What did the priests reply? What did Pilate then do? What was Jesus' reply? What did Pilate then say to him? What did Jesus answer?

III. DELIVERED TO BE CRUCIFIED. vs. 12-16.—What did Pilate then seek to do? What was the cry of the Jews? What did they mean by this? What did Pilate then do? What day and hour was this? What did Pilate say to the Jews? What did they cry out? How did Pilate answer them? What was their reply? What did Pilate then do?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That Jesus was scourged that with his stripes we might be healed.
2. That he was condemned that we might be justified.
3. That he was mocked of men that we might be honored of God.
4. That he was crowned with thorns that we might receive a crown of glory.
5. That he was delivered to death that we might be received to eternal life.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What did Pilate do? Ans. He took Jesus and scourged him.
2. How did the soldiers mock Jesus? Ans. They crowned him with thorns, and put a purple robe upon him, and said, Hail, King of the Jews! and they smote him with their hands.
3. What did Pilate again say to the Jews? Ans. I find no fault in him.
4. What did the Jews cry out? Ans. Away with him, crucify him.
5. What did Pilate finally do? Ans. He delivered Jesus to be crucified.

# THE HOUSEHOLD.

## BATHING IN A PONCHO.

No one in these days denies the benefit of bathing, unless it is in the way of self-denial. Washing is universal, and in the midst of the summer season the bath-tub is in constant requisition. But we are told by those who have made hygiene a study that the daily bath all the year around is a benefit to all and an absolute necessity to many. It strengthens and invigorates the nerves of the skin, renders the work of the pores easy, and improves not only the complexion, but the general health.

But—and this is a very emphatic but—for all that, not one person in twenty takes a daily bath, either in the tub or with the sponge, the latter being said to be equally as good as the former. The first and greatest reason for this is to be found in the laziness of our poor human nature. I do not believe there is anything else so potent. It seems twice as much trouble to bathe as it really is.

Then, again, the cold sponge bath or hasty wash is what is recommended, and this is to be taken in the morning on arising; and that sort of thing is pleasant only to the robust, hot-blooded persons who really need it least. To nine people out of ten the taking of a cold sponge bath on first arising is not only in itself a nervous ordeal, but a means of chilling the body and of consequently depressing the nerves. The best authorities acknowledge that it is the bathing which does the good, not the cold. Warm water is best for those whom it suits best, but a warm bath should be taken before going to bed. It is then refreshing to the tired body, does not seem to be taken from valuable time, and induces sleep. It cleanses the skin and opens the pores as well as a cold bath.

There are many people, children and delicate persons, who find the exposure of the body in a sponge bath chilling and depressing. I am one of these, and I have invented an arrangement which is a blessing to me, and may be to others. It is the adaptation of the Mexican poncho for a bathing robe. I took an old blanket and cut a round hole in the middle, just large enough for my head. This hole is to be bound. When I bathe, I slip on my poncho over my natural garb of skin (adorned with goose-flesh), and warm and protected from draughts, yet with perfect freedom of movement underneath, I wash and dry myself.

It is a complete covering, (I do not room alone, and so cannot always command solitude), and is one of the most practical things I ever knew. An old shawl would do as well, cut in the same way. It is delightful, and I would recommend it and the warm sponge bath or wash before retiring to those whose spirit shrinks in dread before the "cold bath on arising" which is the hobby of so many healthy hygienists. And I will allow those who take the cold bath to use it also if they will agree not to be too proud of their ability to stand cold water without a shiver.—*Housekeeper's Weekly.*

## THE VALUE OF THE TRAINED.

"How did people get along with sickness in their families before the blessed advent of the trained nurse?"

The questioner was a fair young matron, gazing joyfully into the face of her child, growing beautiful from hour to hour with the glow of returning health. The question was addressed to the child's grandmother, a sweet old lady of nearly eighty years.

"Fewer of us 'got along,' my dear," she replied. "A good many more died, and those who by reason of unusual strength of constitution survived our own illnessess, or the scarcely less dangerous consequences of waiting upon our dear ones to the best of our uninstructed abilities, were likely all our lives to bear some ailment or weakness to remind us of what we had endured. I had twelve children, of whom only four lived to grow up. Yet they could have inherited only the strongest of constitutions from their father or me, and I took the best care of them than I could. I think all might have been saved if in their sicknesses they had received such skilled attention as your dear little boy has had. The world can never be grateful enough to Florence Nightingale for the boon of training-schools for nurses. God bless her!" And the dear old lady's still brilliant eyes gained an added lustre from the tears of holy gratitude which filled them.

"Yet there are people," the young mother said, "who even now refuse to admit that the trained nurse is of any more value than ordinary assistants in the sick-room, and who seem to think that to employ one argues a lack of affection on the part of the patient's relatives and friends."

"Is that possible?" asked the old lady, half incredulously. "When my dear son, your husband, was seized with pneumonia shortly before your marriage, I sent for a trained nurse the moment the nature of the malady was made known to me. Under God I think we owe his life to his nurse's skill. Hot poultices constantly renewed were ordered for his chest and back. To change these poultices without exposing and chilling the patient requires a skill only to be acquired by *months of training.* So with the necessarily frequent changes of under-clothing and bed linen, the giving of foot baths and sponge baths to the patient in bed without exposure to draughts, and the delicate skill required to lift and move the sufferer without causing pain or weariness. Besides all these, the trained nurse knows something of the nature of medicines, and of the effects they are intended to produce. She watches temperature and pulse, and knows when to send for the physician without delay when the anticipated results of his treatment do not follow. Then, too, even if we had the skill, which is hardly possible, our very affections unfit us to do justice to those whom we tenderly love. Even physicians will not take the charge of serious illness in their own families, lest their judgments be clouded by their tenderness and fears."

The tremulous anxiety brought on by alternate hopes and fears is anything but conducive to the close observation and calculation which a critical case demands. We are apt, too, to mistake solicitude for attention, and the will to do for the power.

"But it is hard," said the young mother, "to see another's hand attending upon those whom we so love, and to whom it seems our right to minister. I must confess that it hurts me to see my Bertie turning from me to Miss H——."

"That is a natural, but a selfish feeling, dear daughter," said the old lady, smiling kindly upon her.

"And then,' said another, who had not before spoken, "these trained nurses are so expensive."

"Yes," said the old lady; "so are funerals."—*Harper's Bazar.*

## HOME-MADE KNICK-KNACKS.

Banana Pincushion.—Pull a banana skin apart very carefully, lay the pieces on paper and trace around them. Cut each out exactly the size and shape of the peel, then trace the pattern upon yellow silk or satin and cut accordingly, allowing half an inch to turn in; stitch them neatly together with yellow silk. Before finishing, fill with bran, then with green and brown in water-colors imitate the spots and streaks, with a real banana to copy from. At one end add a bow of yellow ribbon and a tiny loop to hang it by.

An Odd Splasher.—Take three palm-leaf fans and in oils tint them according to the coloring of the bedroom. If blue, for one side use almost pure Prussian blue, dark, rich and deep; the next paint a soft bright blue, for which mix white, emerald green, Antwerp blue, and a tiny touch of cadmium. Make the third a pale blue, using the same colors, only more white. Tie the three fans together in the shape of a large clover leaf, with a big bow of blue ribbon.

Button Bags.—In making these one can use up any little odds and ends of ribbon about three inches wide. Make each piece into a tiny bag, with a frill around the mouth; then run them all on the same string, using a narrow ribbon which will harmonize with the various colors of the bags. In gold, letter on each bag the different kinds of buttons they will hold, such as shirt buttons, glove buttons, shoe buttons, dress buttons, pearl buttons, and so forth.—*Good Housekeeper.*

## DECEIVING LITTLE CHILDREN.

Why do parents deceive their little children? I have asked myself often, and observation confirms the belief that it is to accomplish results which might be accomplished more effectually, though perhaps not so speedily, by honest, truthful means. But no matter what the object of deception, the end can never justify the means.

What is more beautiful or more dear to the heart of the true parent than the loving faith of a child, its implicit confidence in papa and mamma? For a parent to destroy this confidence is indeed a sad mistake. It would be bad enough if it ended with the lost faith of the child; but to hear little children scarcely more than babies themselves, frightening their younger brothers and sisters with the same falsehoods which filled them with terror a short time ago is most deplorable, and illustrates forcibly the quick and baneful results of deceptive practices. The busy mother may *gain longer time* in which to labor by hushing her child instantly with a dire threat or a frightful story, and the indolent or selfish mother may obtain greater ease or pleasure in the same way; but oh, for some power to make these mothers realize the irreparable harm they are doing! What an astonishing decrease there would be in the annals of crime if it were possible to have one generation of men and women who were never deceived in childhood.

Not long ago a mother promised her two little daughters, under three and five years of age, that they should go with her to grandma's the first time she went. Being in a great hurry, the mother stole away, thinking, as too many mothers do, that a broken promise is of no consequence to a child. After an unsuccessful search in the house and grounds, the little ones came into the kitchen with tear-stained faces, and said to the girl, "Mamma has lied to us and run off to grandma's, and if she don't watch out the devil will get her." Comment seems unnecessary.—*Babyhood.*

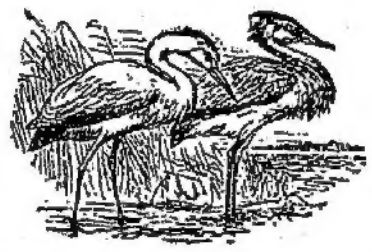
## PUZZLES.—No. 21.

### HIEROGLYPHICS.

For they were

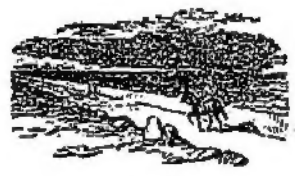
And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I

make

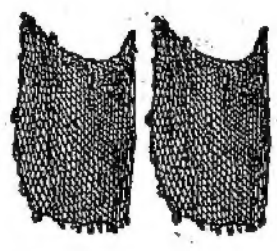


you

of



And they



left their

, and followed him.

### SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

The following questions on the history of Nehemiah may all be answered from the book that bears his name.

1. Under what king did he live?
2. What office did he hold?
3. How did he turn his influence to account?
4. With what powers was he invested?
5. From whom did he meet with the greatest opposition?
6. How did he arrange for rebuilding the wall of Jerusalem?
7. The history of Nehemiah exemplifies the following points in the character of an earnest and godly man; *(a)* He is not to be moved by ridicule; *(b)* He is not afraid of an attack from enemies; *(c)* He is not misled by wicked deceptions; *(d)* He is able to work and fight; *(e)* He is willing to share the privations of his brethren.
8. How did Nehemiah show his self-denial as compared with former governors?
9. How did he provide for the teaching of the people?
10. What evil practice did he put a stop to?
11. What feast did he encourage the Jews to keep?
12. How did he induce his brethren to keep the laws of God?
13. How did he ensure the observance of the Sabbath?

### PUZZLE.

Woods are glowing with the hints
Of my presence in their tints,
In each gorgeous *scarlet* splash,
In the *purple of* the ash,
In *bittersweet* a sign behold,
In the *chestnuts* crowned with gold.
In *maples* dressed in gay disguise,
In *woodbines* red as sunset skies.

### A STAR.

1 to 2 and 1 to 3 connected, the name of a Scottish chief who was executed on August 23, 1305.
2 to 3. To intercede.
4 to 5. A sea mentioned in the Bible.
4 to 6. An iron pan for baking cakes.
5 to 6. To arise.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 20.

Scripture Enigma.—Lord, is it I?—Luke 26. 22.

| | |
|---|---|
| L aban | Genesis xxxi. 27. |
| O badiah | 1 Kings xviii. 7. |
| R ebekah | Genesis xxvii. 46. |
| D arius | Daniel vi. 20. |
| I saac | Genesis xxii. 7. |
| S amson | Judges xv. 18. |
| I saiah | Isaiah liii. 1. |
| T homas | John xiv. 5. |
| I srael | Genesis xxxii. 28, 30. |

Charade.—In-firm.

Word-building.—O, to, sot, host, shote, Stheno, hornets, shortens.

Enigma.—An ant.

## The Family Circle.

### "JESUS LOVES ME."

BY ELIZABETH MATTHEWS.

In the crowded railway train,
Dimpled cheek against the pane,
Sang a baby, soft and low,
"Oesus loves me, 'iss I know."

Then, unconscious, clear and strong,
"Ittle ones to him belong,"
Rose the dear voice at our side;
"Oesus loves me, he who died."

Hushed the hum of voices near,
Hoary heads bent low to hear,
"Oesus loves me, 'iss I know,
For der Bible tells me so."
So, mid silence, tearful, deep,
Baby sung herself to sleep.

But the darling never knew
How the message, sweet and true,
Raised one heart from dull despair
To the "love" that lightens care.
But I think, beside the King,
I shall, some day, hear her sing,
"Jesus loves me, this I know.
For the Bible tells me so."

—*Sunday-School Times.*

### CAPTAIN JANUARY.

*(By Laura E. Richards.)*

CHAPTER II.—*(Continued.)*

"Pooty soon, Jewel Bright!" said the old man, stroking the gold hair tenderly. "I'm a-comin' to you pooty soon. 'Twas along about eight bells when she struck, and none so dark, for the moon had risen. After the ship had gone down, I strained my eyes through the driving spray, to see whether anything was comin' ashore. Presently I seed somethin' black, driftin' towards the rocks; and lo ye, 'twas a boat, bottom side up, and all hands gone down. Wal! wal! the Lord knew what was right; but it's wuss by a deal to see them things than to be in 'em yourself, to my thinkin'. Wal, after a spell I looked agin, and there was somethin' else a-driftin' looked like a spar, it did; and something was lashed to it. My heart! 'twas tossed about like an egg-shell, up and down, here and thar! 'Twas white, whatever was lashed to it, and I couldn't take my eyes off'n it. 'It can't be alive!' I says. 'Whatever it is,' I says. 'But I'll get it, if it takes a leg!' I says. For down in my heart, Jewel, I knew they wouldn't ha' taken such care of anythin' but what was alive, and they perishin', but I didn't think it could live in such a sea long enough to get ashore. Wal, I kep' my eyes on that spar, and I see that it 'twas coming along by the south side. Then I ran, or crawled, 'cording as the wind allowed me, back to the shed, and got a boat-hook and a coil o' rope; and then I climb down as far as I dared, on the south rocks. I scooched down under the lee of a pint of rock, and made the rope fast round my waist, and the other end round the rock, and then I waited for the spar to come along. 'Twas hard to make out anythin', for the water was all a white, bilin' churn, and the spray flyin' fit to blind you; but bimeby I co't sight of her comin' swashin' along, now up on top of a big roarer, and then scootin' down into the holler, and then up agin. I crep' out on the rocks, grippin' 'em for all I was wuth, with the boat-hook under my arm. The wind screeched and clawed at me like a wildcat in a caniption fit, but I hadn't been through those cyclones for nothin'. I lay down flat and wriggled myself out to the edge, and thar I waited."

"And the waves were breaking over you all the time?" cried the child, with eager inquiry.

"Wal, they was that, Honeysuckle!" said the Captain. "Bless ye, I sh'd ha' been washed off like a log if 't hadn't been for the rope. But that held; 'twas a good one, and tied with a bowline, and it held. Wal, I lay thar, and all to wunst I see her comin' by like a flash, close to me. 'Now!' says I, 'ef ther's any stuff in you, J. Judkins, let's see it!' says I. And I chucks myself over the side o' the rock and grabs her with the boat-hook, and hauls her in. 'All together,' I says. 'Now my hearties! Yo heave ho!' and I hed her up, and hauled her over the rocks and round under the lee of the p'int, before I stopped to breathe. How did I do it? Don't ask me, Jewel Bright! I don't know how I did it. There's times when a man has strength given to him, seemin'ly over and above human strength. 'Twas like as if the Lord ketched holt and helped me; maybe he did, seein' what 'twas I was doing. Maybe he did!" He paused a moment in thought, but Star was impatient.

"Well, Daddy!" she cried. "And then you looked and found it was—go on, Daddy dear!"

"I looked," continued the old man, "and I found it was a sail, that had showed so white against the spar: a sail, wrapped tight round somethin'. I cut the ropes and pulled away the canvas and a tarpaulin that was inside that; and thar I seed—"

"My poor mamma and me!" cried the child, joyously, clapping her hands. "O Daddy Captain, it is so delightful when you come to this part. And my poor mamma was dead? You are quite positively sure that she was dead, Daddy?"

"She were, my lamb!" replied the Captain, gravely. "You needn't never have no doubt of it. She had had a blow on the head, your poor ma had, from one o' the bull's horns, likely; and I'll warrant she never knowed anythin' after it, poor lady! She was wrapped in a great fur cloak, the same as you have on your bed in winter, Blossom; and lyin' all clost and warm in her cold arms, that held on still, though the life was gone out of 'em, was"—the old man faltered, and brushed his rough hand across his eyes—"was a—a little baby. Asleep, it seemed to be, all curled up like a rose on its mother's breast, and its pooty eyes tight shut. I loosed the poor arms—they were like a statioo's so round and white and cold; and I took the child up in my arms; and lo' ye! it opened its eyes and looked straight at me and laughed."

"And it said, Daddy?" cried the delighted child, clapping her hands. "Tell what it said!"

"It said 'Tar,'" the old man continued, in a hushed voice. "'Tar,' it said as plain as I say it to you. 'And "Star" it is!' says I; 'for if ever a star shone on a dark night, it's you, my pooty,' I says. 'Praise the Lord,' I says. 'Amen, so be it.' Then I laid your poor ma in a corner, under the lee of the big rock, where the spray wouldn't fly over her, and I covered her with the sail; and then I took the fur cloak, seein' the baby needed it and she didn't, and wrapped it round the little un, and clumb back over the rock, up to the house. And so, Honeysuckle—"

"And so," cried the child, taking his two great hands and putting them softly together, "so I came to be your little Star!"

"To be my little Star!" assented the old man, stooping to kiss the golden head.

"Your light and your joy!" exclaimed the child, laughing with pleasure.

"My light and my joy!" said the old man, solemnly. "A light from heaven to shine in a dark place, and the Lord's message to a sinful man."

He was silent for a little, looking earnestly into the child's radiant face. Presently, "You've been happy, Star Bright?" he asked. "You haven't missed nothin'?"

Star opened wide eyes of surprise at him. "Of course I've been happy!" she said. "Why shouldn't I be?"

"You ain't—I mean you haven't mourned for your poor ma, have ye, Jewel?" He was still looking curiously at her, and his look puzzled her.

"No," she said, after a pause. "Of course not. I never knew my poor mamma. Why should I mourn for her? She is in heaven, and I am very glad. You say heaven is much nicer than here, so it must be pleasanter for my poor mamma; and I don't need her, because I have you, Daddy. But go on, now, please, Daddy dear. 'Next day'—"

"Next day," resumed the obedient Captain, "the sky was bright and clear, and only the heavy sea, and your poor ma, and you, Peach Blossom, to tell what had happened, so far as I seed at fust. Bimeby, when I went out to look, I found other things."

"My poor papa!" said Star, with an air of great satisfaction.

The Captain nodded. "Yes, poor pa," he said, "and two others with him. How did I know he was your poor pa? Along of his havin' your poor ma's picture hung round his neck. And a fine-lookin' man he was, to be sure!"

"And his name was 'H. M.'!" cried the child, eagerly.

"Them was the letters of it," assented the Captain. "Worked on his shirt and hank'cher, so fine as ever was. Well, Jewel Bright, when I seed all this, I says, 'January,' says I, 'here's Christian corpses, and they must have Christian burial!' I says. So I brought 'em all up to the house, and laid 'em comfortable; and then I gave you a good drink of warm milk (you'd been sleepin' like a little angil, and only waked up to smile and crow and say 'Tar!'), and gave you a bright spoon to play with; and then I rowed over to shore to fetch the minister and the crowner, and every body else as was proper. You don't care about this part, Honeysuckle, and you ain't no need to, but everything was done decent and Christian, and your parents and the other two laid peacefully under the big pine-tree. Then the minister (when 'twas all done, he says to me, 'And now, my friend,' he says, 'I'll relieve you of the child, as would be a care to you, and I can find some one to take charge of it!' he says. 'Meanin' no disrespect, Minister,' I says, 'don't think of it! The Lord has his views, you'll allow, most times, and he had 'em when he sent the child here. He could have sent her ashore by the station jest as easy,' I says, 'if so be 't had seemed best; but he sent her to me,' I says, 'and I'll keep her.' 'But how can you bring up a child?' he says, 'alone, here on a rock in the ocean?' he says. 'I've been thinking that over, Minister,' I says, 'ever since I holt that little un in my arms, takin' her from her dead mother's breast,' I says; 'and I can't see that there's more than three things needed to bring up a child,—the Lord's help, common sense, and a cow. The last two I hev, and the first is likely to be round when a man asks for it!' I says. So then we shake hands, and he doesn't say nothin' more, 'cept to pray a blessin' for me and for the child. And the blessin' kem, and the blessin' stayed, Star Bright; and there's the end of the story, my maid.

"And now it's time these two eyes were shut, and only the top star shinin' in the old tower. 'Good night, Jewel!' 'Good night, and God bless you!'"

CHAPTER III.—INTRODUCING IMOGEN AND BOB.

"Imogen!" said Star, looking up from her book, "I don't believe you have been listening!"

Imogen looked up meekly, but made no attempt to deny the charge.

"You must listen!" said the child, sternly. "First place, it's beautiful; and besides, it's very rude not to listen when people reads. And you ought not to be rude, Imogen!" Afterwhich short lecture, Star turned to her book again,—a great book it was, lying open on the little pink calico lap,—and went on reading, in her clear childish voice:—

"'Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moony sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green'—

Do you know what a fairy is, Imogen?" asked Star, looking up again suddenly.

But this time it was very evident that Imogen (who was, in truth, a large white cow, with a bell round her neck) was paying no attention whatever to the reading; for she had fairly turned her back, and was leisurely cropping the short grass, swaying her tail in a comfortable and reflective manner the while.

Star sprang to her feet, and seizing the delinquent's horns, shook them with all her might.

"How dare you turn your back when I am reading!" she cried. "I'm just ashamed of you! You're a disgrace to me, Imogen. Why, you're as ignorant as a—as—as a lobster! and you're a great cow with four whole legs. A—a—ah! shame on you!"

Imogen rubbed her head deprecatingly against the small pink shoulder, and uttered a small apologetic "moo"; but Star was not ready to be mollified yet.

"And you know it's my own book, too!" she continued, reproachfully. "My own Willum Shakespeare, that I love more—well, no! not more than I love you, Imogen, but just as much, and almost nearly half as much as I love Daddy Captain.

"But after all," she added, with a smile flitting over her frowning little face, "after all, you poor dear, you are only a cow, and I don't suppose you know." And then she hugged Imogen, and blew a little into one of her ears, to make her wink it, and the two were very friendly again.

"Perhaps you would like to know, Imogen," said Star confidentially, seating herself once more on the ground, "why I am so fond of Willum Shakespeare. So I will tell you. It is really part of my story, but Daddy Captain didn't get as far as that last night, so I think I will tell it to you. Well!" she drew a long breath of enjoyment, and, clasping her hands round her knees, settled herself for a "good talk."

"Well, Imogen: you see, at first I was a little baby, and didn't know anything at all. But by and by I began to grow big, and then Daddy Captain said to himself, 'Here's a child,' he says, 'and a child of gentlefolks, and she musn't grow up in ignorance, and me doing my duty by her poor pa and ma,' he says. So he rows over to the town, and he goes to the minister (the same minister who came over here before), and he says, 'Good morning, Minister! and the minister shakes him by the hand hearty, and says, 'Why, Captain January!' he says, 'I'm amazing glad to see you. And how is the child?' And Daddy says, 'The child is a-growing with the flowers, he says; and she's a-growing like the flowers. Show me a rose that's as sweet and as well growed as that child,' he says, 'and I'll give you my head, Minister.' That's the way Daddy talks, you know, Imogen. And then he told the minister how he didn't want the child (that was me, of course) to grow up in ignorance, and how he wanted to teach me. And the minister asked him was he qualified to teach. 'Not yet, I ain't!' says Daddy Captain, 'but I'm a-going to be. I want a book or maybe a couple of books, that'll edicate me in a manner all round!' he says. 'I couldn't do with a lot of 'em,' he says, 'cause I ain't used to it, and it makes things go round inside my head. But I think I could tackle two, if they was fustrate,' he said. The minister laughed and told Daddy he wanted a good deal. Then he asked him if he had the good book. That's the Bible, you know, Imogen. Daddy Captain won't let me read that to you, because you are a beast that perish. Poor dear!" she leaned forward and kissed Imogen's pink nose. "And Daddy said of course he had that, only the letters weren't so clear as they used to be, somehow, perhaps along of getting wet in his weskit pocket, being he carried it along always. So the minister gave him a new big beautiful Bible, Imogen! It isn't so new now, but it's just as big and beautiful, and I love it. And then he thought for a long time, the minister did, walking about the room and looking at all the books. The whole room was full of books, Daddy says, all on shelves, 'cept some on the floor and the table and the chairs. It made his head go round dreadful to see them all, Daddy says (I mean Daddy's head), and think of anybody reading them. He says he doesn't see how in creation the minister manages to keep his bearings, and look out for a change in the wind, and things that have to be done, and read all those books too, Well!" she kissed Imogen's nose again, from sheer enjoyment, and threw her head back with a laugh of delight. "I'm coming to it now, Imogen!" she cried. "At last the minister took down a big book—Oh! you precious old thing, how I love you!" (this apostrophe was addressed to the quarto volume which she was now hugging rapturously), "and said, 'Well, Captain January, here's the best book in the world, next to the good book!' he says. 'You'll take this,' he says, 'as my gift to you and the child! and with these two books to guide you, the child's edication won't go far wrong!' he says, and then he gave Daddy the dictionary too, Imogen! but I shan't tell you about that, because it's a brute, and I hate and 'spise it. But—well! so, you see, that was the way I got my Willum Shakespeare, my joy and my pride, my—"

*(To be Continued.)*

## THE AFRICAN NATIVE CHOIR.

The story of the Fisk Jubilee Singers, of their struggle and triumphs, how they travelled through the United States and Canada, through Great Britain and Ireland, and finally around the world earning money, which built, for the education of the Freedmen, the university in Nashville, Tennesee, is brought again to our memories by the African native choir at present travelling through England. This is a band of Kaffir musicians, representative of seven native tribes, who, after arousing considerable attention in Cape Colony, have ventured across the sea to try to collect funds for the establishment in the heart of South Africa of a technical college for the education of their fellow natives. These musicians are by religion Christians, and have received the rudiments of a sound European education. They all speak English—many Dutch as well—and one of the girls speaks five languages. The choir consists of twenty-one persons, sixteen of whom are natives, and five Europeans, graceful manners and deportment, and with a set purpose of benefiting their country and their race, they have but to be seen and heard to command the sympathy of an English audience. "That these native Christians from various tribes in South Africa are capable of receiving a higher education is, perhaps," says the *Illustrated London News*, "additionally proved by short personal histories of some of them, from notes written by themselves.

The first of these interesting visitors is Mr. Paul Xiniwe, formerly of King William's town, in the Cape Colony. He is a well-educated native Kaffir, with a good knowledge of English, who has had the honor of addressing her Majesty at Osborne. He has written the following account of his life: I was born in November 1857, of Christians parents. I attended school from my youth, and contributed in some measure to the cost of my education by doing some domestic work for an English family before and after school hours. This materially assisted my mother in paying the school fees and for my clothing. At fifteen years of age I left school and entered the service of the Telegraph department as lineman, having to look after the poles and wires, and to repair breakages, by climbing the poles in monkey-like fashion. Being transferred to the Graaff Reinet office, 130 miles from home, I had to go there alone, without any knowledge of the road, or of any person there; but I got there in three days travelling on horseback. The officer in charge at Graaff Reinet found my handwriting better than that of the European clerks, and, in consequence, gave me his books to keep, with additional pay, and any amount of liberty in and about the office. This was a privilege which I highly valued and turned to the best advantage. I surprised the master and clerks one day by telling them that I could work the instrument, and, to dispel their serious doubts went through the feat to their great astonishment, but, happily, also, to the pleasure of my master. After three years' service I left the post of lineman, quitted Graaff Reinet, and was employed on the railway construction as telegraph clerk, timekeeper, and storekeeper; a highly respectable and responsible post for a native to hold. Still desirous of greater improvement, I went to Lovedale and held the office of telegraphist also in that institution, which helped me to pay my college fees. I stayed there two years, and passed the Government teachers' examination, being one of only two who passed from the institution out of twenty-two candidates presented. I then took charge of a school at Port Elizabeth, which I kept for four years, and which I gave up to carry on business at King William's Town, until the period of my joining the "African choir." Mrs. Paul Xiniwe, the wife of this gentleman, is a young, ladylike, native woman, the regularity of whose features, despite her sable complexion, vies with most European faces, and who has dignified and rather stately manners.

Another lady of the party is Miss Makhomo Manye, the best linguist in the choir, speaking and writing five languages—namely, English, Boer Dutch, High Dutch, Amaxosa Kaffir, and Basuto, her own language. She is a young woman of the Basuto nation, born at Blinkwater, in the district of Fort Beaufort, on April 7, 1871; and this is her story:

My father is a Basuto of the Transvaal, and my mother an Umbo, the people commonly known as Fingos. Both are Christians of the Independent church; my father is a local preacher of that church. I was brought up at Uitenhage and at Port Elizabeth, where I got my schooling under efficient teachers, who passed me through the Government requirements of mission schools. My parents being unable to send me to one of the girls' high schools, I therefore had to stay and work under mistresses. We left Port Elizabeth and came to Kimberley, where, after two years or a little more, I was engaged as an assistant teacher and sewing mistress in a Wesleyan Government-aided school; there I served for a year. During my stay there, a Government inspector visited our school, and gave a favorable report of its condition; he spoke in high terms of the lower section, which was under my supervision. During my time of service in the above school, we had local concerts, in which I was the conductor's assistant and leading voice.

On May 20 we embarked at Capetown in the "Warwick Castle." I had a pleasant voyage till we landed on the English shore on June 13. In England, I was very much surprised by many things. The trains running at the tops of the houses in London, much faster than railway trains do in South Africa, especially struck my notice. Wandering about this big city, which seemed endless, I admired St. Paul's Cathedral and the Houses of Parliament; I have visited the British Museum, the South Kensington Museum, the Zoological Gardens, the Crystal Palace, and other places. What I have seen here is more than all I had ever heard of before. I am the correspondent of a Basuto paper, but I doubt whether its readers will believe the reports in my writing, as everything is so wonderful here.

THE AFRICAN NATIVE CHOIR WHICH SANG BEFORE THE QUEEN AT OSBORNE.

Mr. Walter Letty is the manager, Mr. J. H. Balmer the musical conductor and secretary, and Mr. H. Westerby the accompanist. The Rev. H. R. Haweis thus describes them:—"Black as black could be, but the men splendid in physique, of gentle manners, and charming address; the girls also 'black but comely,' with a charming modesty and conscious dignity about them that attracted and won immediate sympathy." They first appeared at the City Temple, Holborn Viaduct; then at an "At Home" given by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Stafford House; twice at the Prince's Hall; and once at Osborne by command of the Queen. The press generally has spoken highly of their performance as picturesque and effective, with an agreeable mingling of drollery and pathos. At the close of the first two months of their tour they had, says one paper, by performances of genuine merit gained a position as first class vocalists, stood the test of criticism and are rapidly winning public favor. With remarkable intelligence, with sweet voices and weird expressive melody, with interesting looks,

"We feel confident that the above simple and truthful statements, in very fair English, from the pens of members of the African native choir, will command respect for themselves individually, and will gain substantial aid for wise efforts to improve the general condition of their race. It must be observed that as the facilities for educating the natives in South Africa are so small in comparison with their vast numbers, and as the disparity of condition between the educated and the uneducated is so great, the educated too often fail to see the dignity of industrial labor. The promoters of the African choir are therefore of opinion that in building technical colleges, and in teaching manual handicraft, with household work, cookery, nursing, and other useful occupations, the greatest benefit may be conferred on the natives. It is hoped, by interesting the British public in the social and material progress of South Africa, that sufficient money may be raised to establish such industrial and technical trade schools. We cordially recommend this object to public support."

## A CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

Jesus, keep me all this day,
When at school and when at play;
When I work and when I rest,
Bless me, and I shall be blest.

Keep my body free from pain,
Keep my soul from sinful stain,
Bread supply for daily need,
Help me on thy truth to feed.

May I do all things I ought,
May I hate each evil thought,
Let no false or angry word
From my lips this day be heard.

Faulty I have often been,
Pardon, wash me, keep me clean;
Give to me a holy heart,
Never let me from thee part.

Keep me in the narrow way,
Let me neither slip nor stray;
Guide thy little Pilgrim band,
Bring us to the promised land.

May I serve thee here below,
Serve thee when to heaven I go,
Serve and love and trust in thee,
Now and through eternity.

—*Rev. Newman Hall, D.D., in S. S. Times.*

## THE LAND OF BEULAH.

Now I saw in my dream that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground; and, entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually "the singing of birds," and saw every day "the flowers" appear in the earth, and heard "the voice of the turtle" in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day: wherefore this was beyond the valley of the shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to: also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of heaven. In this land also the contract between the Bride and the Bridegroom was renewed: yea, here, "as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so doth their God rejoice over them." Here they had no want of corn and wine: for in this place they met with abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage. Here they heard voices from out of the City, loud voices, saying, "Say ye to the daughters of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh! Behold, his reward is with him!" Here all the inhabitants of the country called them "the holy people, the redeemed of the Lord, sought out," &c.

* * * * *

And as they came yet nearer and nearer, there were orchards, vineyards, and gardens; and their gates opened into the highway. Now, as they came up to these places, behold the gardener stood in the way: to whom the pilgrims said, Whose goodly vineyards and gardens are these? He answered, They are the King's, and are planted here for his own delights, and also for the solace of pilgrims. So the gardener had them into the vineyards, and bid them refresh themselves with the dainties: he also showed them there the King's walks and the arbors, where he delighted to be: and here they tarried and slept.

So I saw that when they awoke they addressed themselves to go up to the City. But, as I said, the reflection of the sun upon the City (for the City was pure gold), was so extremely glorious that they could not as yet with open face behold it, but through an instrument made for that purpose. So I saw, that as they went on, there met them two men in raiment that shone like gold, also their faces shone as the light.

These men asked the pilgrims whence they came; and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, and what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures they had met in the way; and they told them. Then said the men that met them, You have but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the City.

Christian then and his companion asked the men to go along with them: so they told them that they would; but, said they, You must obtain it by your own faith. So I saw in my dream, that they went on together till they came in sight of the gate.

—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

## DUTY OF NOT TELLING.

"Telling the truth is all very well in its place," said a young woman, with an expression of disgust on her face, "but I fully agree with the apostle that it is not to be told at all times. I can't, for my part, understand how women, or men either, for that matter, can enjoy saying all sorts of harsh and disagreeable things simply because they are true. If the ground is covered with dust or the path thick with cinders, that doesn't to my mind furnish any reason why we should be perpetually flinging them in each other's faces. I do not believe that any really well-bred person will say anything harsh or unkind, even though it may be every way true. They will leave unsaid many of the things that come to their minds rather than wound the feelings of their associates.

"There are two or three young persons in our set, who really enjoy saying disagreeable things if they have a shadow of truth on which to base them. There has been more than one hint that these irritants were to be taught a lesson, and I know of no better way to teach them than to leave them out of society altogether. Indeed, the resolution to do this is now under consideration, and these obtrusive truth-tellers may find to their sorrow that they have hit and hurt quite long enough."

—*N. Y. Ledger.*

## GOOD AND BAD NOVELS.

Whatever influence novels have upon the mind of a reader is due to giving him a wider acquaintance than his own experience affords with life, or what passes for life. Novels deal only with the interesting parts of life, leaving out of sight the commonplace matters which make up more than three fourths of real life, otherwise they would not be read. Good novels represent these interesting features as they are, and give the real feelings of honorable men and women toward the actions and occurrences which make up the story. Bad novels, on the contrary, make their readers believe themselves and others to be what they are not, disturb their judgments, and fill them with false hopes as to what they may expect at the hands of destiny. Novels impel their readers to pursue the thoughts and foster the emotions of the accomplished or smart heroes and heroines whom they have been led to admire. When these thoughts and emotions are pure, generous and elevated, fiction becomes an agent for good; but when its model characters are wilful, pompous, immoral and impossibly successful withal, its effect is deplorably degrading.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

## THE TRAVELS OF A BIBLE.

The Rev. W. M. Paull remarks: "I received a letter from a town in Java, written by a superintendent colporteur. He states in his visits he called at the house of a Chinese jeweller. In order to induce the man to buy the Scriptures he read some verses from the Gospels. A little girl, daughter of the jeweller, who was listening, exclaimed—"Father has bought several books like that," and ran off to fetch a bundle, which was hanging by a string from a nail in the wall, which she then handed to the colporteur. Upon untying the bundle he found to his astonishment my name on the fly-leaf of one of the portions. He has kindly sent me the little book, and I at once recognized both the writing and the book. It is a 32mo edition of the Psalms in French, which I bought in Cannes in 1879. Whether it was lost or given away I cannot remember, but how it travelled from France to Krekot in Java is an insoluble mystery. There is an encouragement in this fact. It shows how strangely these Scripture portions penetrate into the remotest regions. They have been found recently by the Society's colporteurs in the remote corners of Mongolia and Manchuria, places previously unvisited by any European. And where found, the promise has been fulfilled, 'The entrance of Thy word giveth light. It giveth understanding to the simple.'"

## ABOLISHED BY THE QUEEN.

It is reported that Queen Victoria has issued instructions that no check-reins are hereafter to be used in connection with the royal stables, they having been found in practice to be unnecessary and cruel. Her superintendent writes to a gentleman in Ottawa that the use of the check-rein is generally upon the decrease in England, and that the change has been found most beneficial.

## WANTED, A HUNDRED MEN.

Wanted, a hundred men,
A hundred of the best,
From college, mart, or home.
Roused by the great behest—
"Evangelize the world."
The earnest and the brave
Will surely heed the call
*Of* Him who lives to save!

Wanted, a hundred men,
At the highest wage o'er given:
Noblest conquest on earth,
Star-like glory in heaven:
Friendship sweetest and best,
With incarnate, self-giving Love;
Joy of chasing the gloom below
And brightening the light above.

Wanted, a hundred men
From churches a hundred score;
Strange if the call should fail
To bring out a hundred more;
*For the debt is more than twice*
What a hundred lives can pay,
And the Church of the living God
Is but half awake to-day.

Wanted, a hundred men,
In the power of grace Divine,
Ready to claim the danger posts
Of the apostolic line;
To live or die for Africa
In the ranks of Moffat's band;
Or with Griffith John to plant life's tree
In the wastes of the Flowery Land.

Wanted, a hundred men!
What heart will not reply,
"To serve Thee abroad or *at home*,
Lord Jesus, here am I;
Me and my own I lay
Devoted at thy feet;
*Use all in thy great cause*
As wisest love sees meet."

—*Missionary Chronicle.*

## MR. HENRY TOYE,

OF THE HOME FOR THE FATHERLESS, GREENWICH.

Mr. Henry Toye is in his seventieth year; he was born at Clifton in 1820. In Bristol he served his apprenticeship to the handicraft of shipwright. The wonderful manner in which he has been able to utilize the deft skill thus acquired will be seen later on. Attracted by the promise of work in the Deptford dock-yard he came to the metropolis, and in Greenwich he made his home. The influence of early moral training served to make his life singularly pure and upright, but at the age of twenty-eight he came under the gracious and conscious influence of the cross of Jesus Christ. When passing the Congregational church in Greenwich-road he was attracted by a name familiar to him—Rev. William Lucy, late of Bristol, but then pastor of that congregation. It was an arrow from Mr. Lucy's quiver, winged by the Divine Spirit, that found its way into Mr. Toye's heart. He soon discovered that the new life meant laboring for others. He employed his leisure time in visiting the poor and the suffering; he taught in the Sunday-school; as opportunity offered, he was ever ready to proclaim the message of salvation.

A visit to Bristol in 1850 was of considerable importance to him. He had met with a friendless orphan child, and found that Mr. George Muller would receive it into his Home at Ashley Down. Thither he took the little one, and had the pleasure of meeting with that large-hearted man. He received from Mr. Muller one of his little books, which had for its subject, the duty of believers to exercise faith in the Divine government in all matters of daily life, and the privilege of seeking continual guidance. The book influenced Mr. Toye so much that he separated himself from the trade societies of which he was a member. He was also led to give up Government employment, as he could not believe that building ships of war was seemly work for a follower of Christ.

It is not necessary here to tell how the Thames was once the home of a thriving ship-building industry, or how competition carried the work elsewhere, and grass grew upon the once busy streets of Millwall. The suffering of the population in that locality became intense, and thither Mr. Toye was led in January 1867 to inquire into details of destitution, and to be an almoner of many friends who were anxious to relieve the starving population. He soon found his hands full of work. Children roamed about the streets, and for these he opened schools. This was before the days of School Boards. Sewing classes were formed for the girls; and to employ men out of work Mr. Toye went into business as a wood-chopper.

Two years were spent in these efforts, and 1869 found him preparing to accept heavier responsibilities. When parents died and left a family uncared for, Mr. Toye made it his business to place the orphans in sheltering institutions; but, alas! his candidates were more numerous than were the openings for them. At this period he had ten orphans, absolutely friendless, under his eye, not knowing where to find homes for them. He had it in his mind to care for them himself, if he could only see how. His own words will best explain his position, and show the source whence came the needed help:—

I was waiting upon the Lord to provide me with the means for procuring bedsteads and bedding. One day, whilst pacing an empty room in this destitute district, this verse from Hebrews xiii. was applied with much power to my heart: "Let your conversation be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have; for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

At first I felt at a loss to understand what reference this passage could have to the subject upon which I had been meditating, inasmuch as I was not only without money, but as it seemed to me without means of any description towards carrying out the desire of my heart. After pondering, it appeared to me that it was the Lord's will to signify by this text that I should make the required bedsteads out of some timber he had already given me; so at once I set to work to construct cots, and now, whilst writing, there are twenty-seven made by my own hands.

But what about the bedding? Still the Scripture said, "Be content with such things as ye have." What else could this mean but to utilise what lay closest to his hand? That was flour sacking which he had shaped for his purpose. He had a goodly supply of newspapers in store. He found work for the little ones in tearing these into small pieces, and so the mattresses were supplied. Sheets, blankets, and quilts arrived and the place was furnished. On September 3, 1869, the "Home for the Fatherless" received its first occupants. The house for girls was fitted for twenty-two inmates, and the boys', next door, for sixteen. He wrote at this period:—

If the Lord in his rich grace supply the means, I propose gradually to increase the number, as there are hundreds of poor fatherless ones in London alone.

Thus was he led into the work in which he has since been engaged, and in connection with which he has passed through many a strange experience. He has known what it is to be exalted, and what it is to be abased; yet never once has he parted from that sheet-anchor given to him that memorable day, from Hebrews—"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Is there in all Scripture a more emphatic and unqualified promise? In the Greek it contains no fewer than five negatives, and it might well be rendered thus:—"I will never leave thee, no; neither will I forsake thee; no, never."

It was Mr. Toye's resolve to honor God by accepting this text as a personal covenant. Accordingly, during all these years, he has never directly sought for aid of any sort for his large family or himself from any human source. To God alone has he made known his need, and it is with a face full of joy that he testifies:—"Faithful is he that hath promised."

He did not long remain on the northern side of the Thames. In many respects the place was unsuitable. He was led to secure premises in Lewisham-road, Greenwich; and there for the past twenty years he and his large family have found a home As the numbers increased he was obliged to add house to house; until to-day he has under his care an establishment where over a hundred and twenty children are comfortably housed, educated, and trained. Some six hundred children in all have had the advantage of his training, and are now, under God, a credit to themselves and to Mr. Toye.

Space will not permit our going into detail regarding Mr. Toye's personal labors in things material. Those who visit the home, however, will be surprised to see what an old man with a willing heart and a ready hand has done. Not merely the children's cots, but the walls and roof of his fine schoolrooms of two stories, 75 feet by 51 feet, were built and constructed by his own hands. He laid the floors and lined the walls, the only hinderance being that sometimes an empty treasury caused the builder and "clerk of works" to take a rest. But the great master of intermediaries always caused the needed supplies to be forthcoming. The writer has heard him say:—

Look at my children, how healthy they are. Never once have we missed a meal; though very often we had taken breakfast without the slightest idea of where the dinner was to come from. But it always has come. We have spread the cloth for tea not having the needed bread; but it came just in the nick of time—cut up and buttered.

It is Mr. Toye's custom to publish annually "an account of the Lord's dealings" with him. Its pages indicate the life he leads—a life of simple dependence on his Heavenly Father. It shows how sometimes he has been sorely tried, and how the door of deliverance was opened. This series of "accounts" forms indeed a charming chapter in the history of faith. In the latest issue he writes:—

Many indeed have been the trials of faith, but great have been the deliverances wrought. Many, many times have I had to stand still and see the salvation of God; but I say to the praise of his name I have not waited for him in vain. We have often been brought to the last penny, with the store-room nearly empty and coal cellars swept up. Sometimes the supplies have come meal by meal, yet we have not had to go without food, nor without a fire when needed. The longer I go on in this simple pathway of faith, the greater is my joy: to be brought to the last penny and the last loaf, and then to see the hand of him who upholds all things by his mighty power, and without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls to the ground, is worth having the faith tested. If the store-room and coal-cellars were always full, and the purse well furnished, there would be little need for faith—certainly not for its exercise.

Thus it is that this dear servant of the Lord and of his little ones is kept day by day. Thus it is that the great father watches over the fatherless, and those who love to honor and magnify his name. Long may Mr. Toye live to be a channel of blessing to destitute children and a practical preacher of simple faith in the mighty love and unchanging faithfulness of God.—*The Christian.*

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THE COMMISSIONERS of the Lancashire lunatic asylums state in their last annual report that "although drunkards are not generally regarded as insane, it is a question whether the habitual tippler might not with advantage be considered an irresponsible being, and treated as such." They point to the fact that in not a few cases the only cause that can be detected for a patient's insanity is the intemperance of one or both parents.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

**EPPS'S COCOA.**

BREAKFAST.

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# THE PRIZE STORIES.

## THE MARITIME PROVINCES AGAIN CARRY OFF HIGHEST HONORS.

MISS SAUNDERS, OF LAWRENCETOWN, N. S., RECEIVES THE FIRST PRIZE, AND GEORGE H. WISELEY, OF ST. ANDREW'S N. B., IS RANKED SECOND BY THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.

This is the letter of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, who has kindly read the stories which received the Province prizes on the recommendations of the Province judges, and who has awarded the Canada prize:—

CLANDEBOYE, Co. Down, *Ireland*, Sept. 11, 1891.

GENTLEMEN,—I have now the pleasure of returning you the manuscript tales which you submitted for my examination. From them I have selected what appears to me to be the two best. I should be inclined to give the first place to "Retribution," and the second to "A Story of the Loyalist Times." Both are well told stories, but "Retribution" appears to me the more artistic composition of the two, though I doubt whether "Retribution" is exactly a good title to have chosen for it.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
DUFFERIN AND AVA.

The story entitled "Retribution," which carries off the Canada prize, was written by Miss E. Maude I. Saunders, a pupil of Lawrencetown School, Annapolis County, Nova Scotia. Miss Saunders, it will be remembered, was equally fortunate last year.

"A Story of the Loyalist Times," which the Marquis of Dufferin also mentions, was written by Master George H. Wiseley, a pupil of the Charlotte County Grammar School, St. Andrew's, Charlotte County, N. B.

Both are excellent stories and will appear with others in the *Witness* shortly.

By the selection of Miss Saunders as the winner of the Canada prize, Master Percy L. Saunders, who, by the way, is two years older than the Canada prize winner, having attained to seventeen years, becomes entitled to the Province prize, and Master Aubrey W. Fullerton, of Round Hill School, in the same county, carries off the County prize. Master Fullerton is thirteen years old and is highly to be commended for his success.

Now that these stories have been returned and the prizes awarded, the illustrations sent with some of them will be submitted to the judges and the prizes awarded them.

We have in prospect another competition for the schools, whereby the scholars of our Canadian schools will be stimulated to do their utmost.

The School and Province prizes have all been sent out. Miss Saunders will receive her gold watch this week. The County prize, which will be a volume of stories selected from those published, as well as from amongst those sent in for the last competition, is in preparation, and will be sent out as soon as printed, and the medals will reach their destination this week.

We thank the judges, school inspectors, teachers, scholars, and also the trustees and parents who have co-operated with us in making this competition the great success it has been.

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IN THE BATH-ROOM

IN THE PANTRY

Sapolio is a solid, handsome cake of house-cleaning soap, which has no equal for all scouring purposes except the laundry. To use it is to value it. What will Sapolio do? Why, it will clean paint, make oil-cloths bright, and give the doors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen-sink will be as clean as a new pin if you use Sapolio. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever housekeeper and try it. Beware of imitations. There is but one Sapolio.

What brings release From dirt and grease

IN THE KITCHEN

Why dont you know? SAP-O-LI-O!

IN THE PARLOR

AN INJUNCTION

"NOW JOHN, IT MUST STOP HERE — I WILL HAVE NO MORE CHEAP SUBSTITUTES FOR SAPOLIO IN THIS HOUSE!"